Numb. 70.

The British Apollo,

OR,

Curious Amuſements for the INGENIOUS.

To which are added the moſt

Material Occurrences Foreign and Domeſtick.

Perform'd by a Society of GENTLEMEN.

From **Friday** October 8th. to **Wedneſday** October 13th. 1708.

Q. *Gentlemen, Your thoughts of our Tranſlation of the 4th Verſe of the* 141 *Pſalm (to me it ſeems to have no coherence with that uſed in our Liturgy) will much oblige Yours,* &c.

A. Since our old Engliſh Verſion (which is that in our Liturgy) is taken from the Septuagint-Tranſlation, but our New Verſion from the Hebrew Original, we need not wonder at different Expreſſions. But the Expreſſions of both Tranſlations in the recited Text are ſo ſynonymous (or Alike in Senſe) that we are ſurpriz'd, it ſhou'd raiſe any ſcruple in your Mind. We wou'd therefore adviſe you to compare them again carefully, and you will readily perceive your Error.

Q. *Gentlemen, In your Anſwer to mine on Polygamy your conſequence is not parallel; for when the Apoſtle ſays, Let not Biſhops be Strikers, Brawlers, Covetous,* &c. *We do not infer it from thence, that others may not be ſo, but becauſe we know in ſeveral places of Scripture thoſe things are expreſly forbidden: Now this cannot be an equal caſe, unleſs you can ſhew me that Polygamy is ſo; and what is not deny'd in Scripture may be allow'd, that being allow'd to be a perfect guide:*

Therefore Q. *again, if the contrary be not only a Human Order.*

A. Since the Precept againſt Polygamy in a Biſhop is introduc'd in the very ſame Manner with thoſe other Precepts, it follows, that they may fairly be expounded in the ſame ſenſe, unleſs Extrinſically determin'd to another. If therefore it can be prov'd from ſome other place or topick, that the Scriptures allow Polygamy in the Laity, we own, that the Text, you quoted, wou'd imply as much. But then cloſe thinking wou'd have ſuggeſted to you, that the Implication wou'd be Deducible, not merely from the tenor of the words, as You ſuppos'd, but from a Compariſon of them with that other Proof, you mention. We ſhall conſider the force of it, when we ſhall anſwer your other Queſtion of Polygamy, which we refer to another Paper.

Q. *Why did* Aaron, *when he caſt the Golden God for the Iſraelites, make it in the ſhape of a young Beef above all other Creatures?*

A. It is probable he did it in Imitation of the Egyptians, the Iſraelites had ſo lately left. And it is obſervable, that the Egyptians worſhip'd Oſiris and Iſis, the one under the ſhape of an Ox, the other under that of a Cow.

Q. *Gentlemen, I wou'd deſire to know concerning the Souls in Paradiſe, whether they ſhall have the Satisfaction to know thoſe, whom they moſt valued in this Tranſitory Life. Your's* Celinda.

A. Since we Diſallow of a Paradiſe Diſtinct from Heaven, as we have formerly ſhew'd, we beg leave, that the Queſtion may be ſtated (as it is by Many) concerning the Saints in Heaven.

As our Deſire of Satisfaction in this too Curious a Query takes it's Origen from that raviſhing delight, which ſo agreeably ariſes from the Reciprocal Endearments of intirely United Friends, and which we wiſh may not expire with our Parting Breath, ſo this is but a Sandy Foundation of our fruitleſs hopes, ſince every Single Inhabitant of thoſe bleſſed regions will be Dearer, infinitely Dearer to us, than are Here our Neareſt Relatives, our beſt Beloved. What have we to do with a Partial Friendſhip in that Happy place, where there is nothing but Peace, Harmony, and Delight; where we ſhall Love, as well as Live as Angels; where every Member of the Church Triumphant will be *our Mother, our Brother, and our Siſter?*

We ſhould conſider too, that Here we chooſe our Intimates, not ſo much by the Standard of Vertue, as the Agreeableneſs of their Humours to thoſe of Ours; not ſo much by Merit, as a Giddy Fancy; and if by Merit, yet frequently by a Miſtaken one. Whereas when *this Mortal ſhall have put on Immortality*, when we ſhall be Diveſted of our weak Infirmities, Fancy will Guide no longer, Humour will Prevail no more, but Reaſon will be Re-inſtated in it's Priſtine Soverainty. If therefore we wou'd enjoy Their Friendſhip in Heaven, whom we Value moſt, we muſt Value Them moſt, that beſt Deſerve it; in imitation of the Pſalmiſt we muſt be ready to cry out, *all my Delight is on the Saints, that are in the Earth, and on ſuch as Excel in Vertue.*

Q. *Why does Hot Water freeze ſooner than Cold?*

A. Hot Water cannot be ſaid to freeze ſooner than Cold; but Water once heated, and cold, may be more ſubject to freeze, than Cold Water, that never was heated; by reaſon of the Evaporation of the Spirituous Parts, which render it leſs able to withſtand the Power of Froſty Weather.

Q. *You Mr.* Apollo, *who art ſaid to be the God of Wiſdom, pray give me the Reaſon, why kiſſing is ſo much in Faſhion, what benefit One Receives by it, and who was the Inventor. And you will oblige* Corinna.

A. Pretty Innocent *Corinna*, *Apollo* owns he was a little ſurpriz'd at your kiſſing Queſtion, particularly that Part of it, where You deſire to know the benefit One receives by it. Ah! Madam, if You had ever had a Lover, You wou'd not have come to *Apollo* for a Solution, ſince there is no diſpute but the kiſſes of Mutual Lovers give Infinite Satisfaction and Pleaſure, above Deſcription. As to the Invention of it, 'tis certain Nature was it's Author, and that it began with the firſt Courtſhip.

Q. *Whence aroſe the Cuſtom of drinking healths, how long has it been us'd, and why is the Queen Drank before the Church?*

A. The Drinking of healths probably took its riſe from the time of the Danes in this Iſland, it being Cuſtomary with the Danes, whilſt an Engliſh Man was drinking, to take that Opportunity of ſtabbing him.

The Engliſh upon this Enter'd into Combination, to be Mutual Pledges of Security for Each other whilſt Drinking, ſo Drank to each others health and Preſervation, from thence alſo came the Cuſtom of Pledging.

The Queen being Head of the Church, her health claims precedence. Some will have the Original of drinking healths more Modern, and to owe its riſe, to a Humour as Whimſical as that of Toaſting.

Q. *Pray, What is your Opinion of* Omens.

A. That the endleſs numbers of unthinking Peoples Obſervations on them, are the wild effects of a *diſtemper'd Fancy*, and *ungrounded Faith*, or *idle Superſtition.*

Q. *Is it harder to gain a Woman's Love, or to keep it when obtain'd?*

A. The Great Difficulty lies in the firſt Attempt, ſince, if a Man has ſhown himſelf Maſter of an Addreſs ſufficient enough to gain the Love of a Lady, He ſeldom forfeits her Eſteem, till he has made it appear, that his Conqueſt was due to a pretended, not a real Merit.

Q. *Gentlemen, I am thinking to change my Condition, I have two Gentlewomen offer'd me, both are beautiful, witty, and good humor'd; all the difference is, one is born of a good Family and has no Fortune; the other has a Fortune and is of a mean Deſcent, therefore I come to your Shrine to know which to chuſe.*

A. If you have an Eſtate ſufficient to Maintain the young Lady agreeably to her Deſcent, the Generoſity of the Action, will not only give You much Reputation with People of ſenſe, but alſo the Conſequence is likely to turn much to your Comfort, ſince well-bred Perſons have generally a better Notion of Gratitude than others: But if your Circumſtances are not ſuch, we adviſe You to accept of the laſt, whoſe Fortune may make amends for her mean Deſcent by advancing Yours.

Q. *Gentlemen, Pray if you can, inform a poor Man how to get wealth?*

A. By Induſtry.

POEMS.

Q. *METhinks I hear the Phœbean Gentlemen Diſcourſing, We have ſilenc'd our Spark (ſays one) Yes (proceeds another) that pretty turn in Proſe has puzzel'd him. I rather believe (Replies a third) thoſe biting Puns in the Poetry ſtop'd his Mouth. Let it be how it will (cries a fourth) We have done his Buſineſs for him,* &c.

But I ſhall have at You once again Gentlemen, tho' (for-pity ſake) You fall foul on me with worſe Nonſenſe than before.

D' ye think you've done
The Jobb ſo ſoon,
Cauſe ſuch Cramp Names you call me?
No, face about,
I'll try it out,
Tho' with Dull Stuff you maul me,
And no Compaſſion,
That you can't Cure
The Blind, I'm ſure
You'd ſerv'd your ſelves elſe long ſince;
Yet you'll produce
A Lame Excuſe
For patching Rhimes with Nonſenſe,
To Admiration,
Beſides I find
Your're more than blind,
You make ſuch Dreadful ſlips;
For now 'tis known,
All o'er the Town,
Apollo's *in th' Eclipſe;*
You won't deny this?
Methinks 'tis odd
The Blazing God
Behind a Cloud muſt creep tho',
And ſtranger yet
That ſhining Wit
Can't find a hole to peep thro';
O fatal Highneſs!

Philander.

A. What an Opinion our Queriſt has of himſelf to think we ſhou'd be concern'd about him, whereas from the Moment of our laſt Anſwer, we never ſo much as thought there was ſuch an Author in the World, and doubtleſs it would be to his Advantage to have all others as much forget him. Had he been a tenth part of this time in making *ſuch an Exerciſe*, and *Busby* his Maſter, he had certainly loſt more *Leather* than a Prentice upon his firſt Viſit to his Friends in the North. However, we cannot but have Compaſſion on your Sufferings, when we conſider how much Reſt you muſt have Loſt, your ſtrict Dieting your ſelf, and the terrible Throes of your Brains, e'er you were Deliver'd of your Darling, tho' your Nurſes will give you this Comfort, that it is likely to be Long-liv'd, ſince they are in Pain for none but *witty* Children.

Who but a Fool,
With *Stuff that's dull,*
E'er fear'd he cou'd be *Maul'd,*
Or made Reply
Thus Peviſhly,
Except he had been *Gaul'd*;
As You appear,
If we pretend
The ſight to Mend
It does not thence ariſe,
You ſhou'd believe,
We ſight can give
To thoſe *who have no Eyes*:
You're ſuch we fear,
Vaſt Numbers more
Than e'er before,

Ap-

Approach now to *Apollo*,
Nor will they think
Becauſe *You Blink*,
That an Eclipſe muſt follow ;
Owls will do ſo.

Whether we ſhrow'd
Behind a Cloud,
As Yon we're certain do ;
Or if we've ſhone,
Have Wit, or none,
We can't imagin how
You e'er ſhou'd know.

Q. Apollo, *I the meaneſt of the Throng,*
Who daily Learn from your Politer Song :
I the Unhappy, Wretched and Forlorn,
(To all the wrecks of Adverſe Fortune born)
To Buſineſs doom'd, to that am forc'd ſubmit ;
That Croſs of Happineſs, that Bane of Wit,
That fatal Curſe does all my Ills Create,
And ſtill my Thoughts run Counter to my Fate.
For when thoſe Trivials e'er my Mind Deface,
Opponent Scenes their Characters Erace.
The Muſick too of your Heroick Lyre,
Does greater Deeds and Nobler Thoughts Inſpire.
That Dear Inchantreſs does my Breaſt Controul,
There Reigns Supream and Lords it o'er the whole.
Oppoſing Cares in vain their force Conſpire,
Or Coming Dangers Quell the Mounting Fire.
But by your ſweet Deluſions led Aſtray,
Whilſt with a Beck you ſteal my wandring Soul away.
Ceaſe then, ye Bards, your too harmonious Lays,
And Crop the Tow'ring Trophies of your Praiſe.
Applauding Bays ſo crowd your Temples o'er,
They've left no Room on your Expanded Store,
You to Receive or we to heap on More.
Ceaſe then your Strains, or your Indulgence ſhew,
And Paint the Path you wou'd adviſe me to.

A. Recall *miſtaken Bard*, abandon'd ſenſe,
Summon your *Reaſon* to your minds defence,
Wit when uncurb'd, oft leads our Souls aſtray,
And *that* obſcures our Path, which ſhou'd direct our way ;

But when true *Judgment* does as *Pilot* ſit,
And turns the ſprightly *Rudders* of our wit ;
We plainly ſee that Men without employ,
Are *Shipwrack'd* oft in *Seas* of *Light* and dang'rous (joy,
While ſolid *Buſineſs* ballances our *Sail*,
And ſafely ſtands the ſhock of ev'ry *Adverſe Gale.*

Q. *Ye Learned* Apollo's,
Pray Anſwer what follows,
For a Wager does on it depend :
Reſolve me from whence
Does the Cockney *commence* ;
And I ſtill ſhall eſteem you my Friend.

A. The Story is Common,
That one Mr. *Bowman*,
From *London* to *Exeter* came,
When a *Horſe* chanc'd to *neigh*,
And *Cocks crow'd* by the way,
He gave the *Laſt* the *Firſt's Name.*

A Lady ſent us the following Lines with a Knot of Silk made up like an Halter.

Q. *Tho' you promis'd your Anſwer*
Amain to advance Sir,
Like Mortals I find you ſtill vary,
For twelve days are paſt,
Since I ſent it you laſt,
Ergo omnes ſint patibulari.
Yet to ſhew my Reſpect,
(For all your neglect)
Tho' about the poor Inſect you faulter,
I pity your fate,
Which will come ſoon or late,
And have ſent you a Silken Halter.

Armenia.

A. The Preſent you ſent,
We receiv'd as 'twas meant,
And ſhou'd we make uſe of your *Sattin*,
The Reaſon wou'd be,
Meer vexation to ſee
A young Lady attack us with *Latin.*
If with *one Tongue* you can,
So much *overtalk* Man,
Sure *with two* you'l harangue us to death,
We *may* therefore think fit,
Not to dye by your *Wit*,
But prevent by *your preſent*, your Breath.

Q. Apollo's *Sons whoſe wiſdom all admire,*
Pray number me the Teeth of a Piſmire :
Their Colour alſo let me Underſtand,
Who am your Humble Servant to Command. T. E.

A. We judge by theſe your Intellectual Strains,
The Piſmires Teeth do far exceed your Brains.

Q. *From the End of* C--ſtreet,
Ye Learn'd Sages *I greet,*
Immerſt in Dole, Deſpair and Grief ;
With Advice, my Diſtreſs
And Trouble make leſs,
For You only, You can give me Relief.
A Youth I admire,
But I'm for'ed to retire,
And return cruel Hate, for tendereſt Love,
Uncivil, Unkind,
As wav'ring as Wind,
Oblig'd by my Friends, Inconſtant I prove.
It never reſtrains
His generous Pains,
But ſtudies to ſee me with different Wiles ;
But becauſe he wants Caſh,
(The De'el take all Traſh)
I dare not oblige him with one of my Smiles :
How to change my Friends mind,
And make 'em more kind,

Amyn-

Amyntas's *ruin with mine, pray prevent,*
And in your next say,
If lawfully I may,
To please my self marry without their Consent?
By my Friends I mean Brothers in Law.

A. If *Amyntas* his *Flame,*
With yours be the same,
And his Morals are such, will secure you from Ruin;
And You've enough *Cash*
For both, tho' but *Trash,*
Tis such, many Comforts, from thence are accruing.
Then ne'er be in Awe
Of a Brother in Law,
Whose pretended *Regard,* may be only *Design*;
For such have no Force,
In *for Better, for worse,*
By Human Injunctions, or Precepts Divine.

SIR,

From Inghome Sept. 21st. 'Tis advised, that the Day before arrived there two British Men of War, the Colchester and Fowey. The Captains give an account, that the 14th Instant they left the Fleet under Admiral Leake at Port Mahon, that as soon as the Fleet appeared there, the whole Island of Minorca declared for King Charles III. That the few French and their adherents retir'd into the Castle of Port Mahon, where they could not hold out three days. That Admiral Leake would speedily sail to Lisbon with 6 of the biggest Ships, and Commadore Whitaker with seventeen others would come to Naples in Order to assist in the Intended Expedition against Sicily. The Advises from Roveredo Sept. 30th are, that from Turin they Write, that several Regiments of Horse and 6000 Foot were detach'd from Piemont with Artillery for the Ferrarese, which when arriv'd will make up a Body of 12000 Imperialists to act against the Troops of the Pope. And the Letters from Barcelona of the 14th relate, that several English and Dutch Ships were arriv'd there with the Present of 30000 Measures of Corn, which the Sardinians made to King Charles. The advises from the Camp at Rousselaer Octob. 14th. are, that the Duke of Marlborough, Prince Eugene of Savoy, and the field Deputies of the State, had on the 11th in the Morning a long Conference at Menin, after which his Grace return'd thither, and Prince Eugene with the Lords Deputies, went back to the Camp before Lille: that notwithstanding all the Enemies Endeavours to cut off our Communication with Ostend, have turn'd to our advantage, for now the Stores and Ammunition are to be brought in Boats or on Floats near to Newport, and are there to be loaded by Our Waggons to be brought to Our Army by a Road, which is three Miles nearer than that to Ostend. Tis advis'd from the Hague Octob. 16th. That from the Camp before Lille they write, that being now Masters of all the Outworks, there is nothing further to be done but the filling up the great Ditch, which they began to fill up and to make the Galleries the 11th Instant, and that by the 20th Instant all things will be in a readiness for a General Storm, and that they have a free Communication between the Camp and Ostend. That the States General have publish'd a Placart for incouraging the Transportation of all sorts of Provisions to Ostend. The advises from Genoa and France are, that Port Mahon and the whole Island of Minorca have submited to King Charles. And from Frankfort they write, that eight thousand Men, are to be detach'd from the Imperial Army for the Netherlands. Tis advised from London October 13th. that Yesterday an Express arrived there from Ostend with advice that the Garrison of Lille being reduc'd to great Extremities beat a Parley on Friday last, and the Town surrender'd upon Capitulation, that the next day our Troops took Possession of one of the Gates, and are preparing to storm the Cittadel, into which the Mareschal Boufflers retir'd with the remains of his Garrison. Which concludes all from Yours, *&c.*

The Number of our Subscribers so greatly increasing, and by Consequence the Number of Questions sent us, that we cannot possibly give a General Satisfaction within the Compass of our Paper, we design a Quarterly Book of 3 Sheets in a Small Character, in which we will give Answers to all worthy thereof, which we could not get into our other Papers; we have no doubt but this will be acceptable, since it will not raise the Yearly Charge to that of the most vulgar News Papers, altho' a whole Sheet and upon fine Paper, besides we do oblige none to take it, but such as desire it. The first is preparing for those Questions upon our Hands.

Any Persons upon Directing their Letters (Superscrib'd for the *British Apollo*) to Mr. *Keeble* in *Westminster-Hall*, Mr. *Carter* at the *Green Dragon* in St. *Paul's* Church-Yard, Mr. *Bickerton* at the *Rose and Crown* in *Little Britain* Booksellers, or to the Printer hereof, may have this Paper brought to their Houses (in the City or Suburbs) at 2*s. per* Quarter, and the Monthly Papers at 6*d. per* Quarter more: Those who come within the Quarter, to have proportional Deductions at the End. Also Books of Guards Sets may be had on directing as above, from the Beginning.

Note, That they who live in the Country may appoint a Friend in Town to take them in for them, or order some Inn-Keeper to pay for them Quarterly. For we cannot depend on the Payment of Carriers, since they come not in on those hours as our Servants can meet with them in their Walks.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Just Publish'd.

THE London Cuckolds: A Comedy; as it is Acted at the Theatre Royal. The whole *Play* (there being not the least Syllable omitted) in a fair legible Letter, and better Corrected than it has been hitherto, *Price 6 d.* Sold by *Mary Edwards* in *Flour de Luce-Court* near *Fleet-street.*

PRoposals of 2 Sheets with a Cut, for Mr. *Hill's* Present State of *Æthiopia*, &c. and the whole *Ottoman* Empire, are given *Gratis*, by Mr. *Mayo*, Stationer, at the Printing press in *Fleet street*, where Subscriptions are yet taken in, the advantages conspicuously beyond any ever allow'd Subscribers before. But since many have subscrib'd to Mr. *Keble*, *Bickerton*, and other Bookfellers about Town, and are thereby likely to be disappointed in their Expectations, the said Bookfellers not having given in their Names or Money, the *Author* once for all, informs the Town, that only Mr. *Mayo* and the men, who carry the *BRITISH APOLLO*, are to take in Subscriptions. Therefore such as will give themselves the trouble of calling at the said Mr. *Mayo's* may know whether they are secure, by seeing if their Names are enter'd on the List. There also any who are curious may see the Book above half printed, and the rest as it comes out of the Press. Note, no Books are likely to be left for Sale, and if they are, Not one to be bought under 30*s.* while those, who now subscribe will have 'em finely bound and all, for a *Guinea.* Note also, the Author *that he may be sure to keep his word*, has employ'd no Booksellers in the Undertaking.

THE Art of Rhetorick as to Pronunciation; Explain'd and familiarly adapted to the Capacities of School-Boys, by way of Question and Answer; in English. Printed for *Tho. Bickerton*, at the Rose and Crown over against the *Pump*, in *Little-Britain.*

Where are sold all sorts of Bibles and Common-*Prayers.* Likewise Money for any Library or *Parcel* of Books.

Printed for the Authors, by *J. Mayo*, at the *Printing-Press*, against *Water-Lane* in *Fleet-street.* Where Advertisements are Taken in.